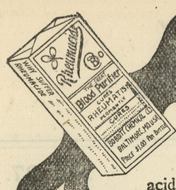

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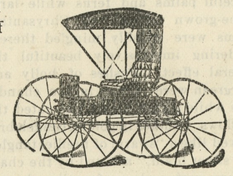

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FLAVELL, 005 Spring Garden St. Philadelphia, Pa.

WHITE ROSES

By ELSIE CARMICHAEL

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Dick walked down the avenue slowly, so deeply absorbed that he looked straight at Mrs. De Peyster Jones and cut her, to that young woman's surprise.

"Why, what can the matter be with Dickie?" she said to herself, with an almost irresistible impulse to turn around and look after the melancholy figure sauntering down the street.

Mildred Jones had been a friend of Dick Eton's ever since they had played in the park and gone to dancing school together. Two years before she had married De Peyster Jones, and now one of her greatest pleasures was chaperoning Dick and his various ladyloves.

"I believe Dick's in love again," she exclaimed, half aloud, "or perhaps this is the real thing at last. I wish it were and Dickie would settle down."

At the same moment Dick was passing a florist's. A happy thought struck him.

"I'll settle it tonight," he said to himself. "I'll make Doris say whether she cares for me or not. If she won't have me I'll, I'll"— His eyes wandered up and down the crowded avenue, brilliant in the spring sunshine. I'll do something desperate," he threatened.

He went into the shop, heavy with the fragrance of roses and violets, and tried to decide what he would send her. He was going to take her to a musicale at Mrs. Schuyler's that evening, and as he had forgotten to ask her the color of her gown he chose white roses. Going to the desk, he took out a visiting card and stood hesitating, pen in hand. Should he leave it to the flowers or ask her tonight at the musicale? He remembered a particularly cozy and retired corner behind the palms in Mrs. Schuyler's conservatory.

"No, I cannot wait until then," he thought. "I'll let the flowers speak."

"SO YOU COULDN'T CARRY THEM, DORIS!" HE CRIED HOARSELY.

Hastily he wrote on the card, "If you care for me a little bit, Doris, carry this tonight."

Then he sealed it up and gave it to the man. "Send the flowers at once to 37 West —th street," he said as he paid for them. "On no account let there be any delay."

"Arrah, thin, I want some flowers, a rale illigant design, for me cousin, Mrs. O'Flannagan, who's dade," exclaimed a voice. A large, showily dressed, red faced Irish woman pushed past him to the counter.

Dick went out of the shop filled with mingled feelings of doubt, uncertainty and a great love for Doris. As he strolled over to the club he marveled at his own presumption in asking such a peerless creature to come down to earth for his sake.

That evening while he was waiting for Doris he roamed restlessly about the great drawing room. When a little rustle of silken draperies announced her comming he stood like a soldier at attention, awaiting his sentence. The portieres were pushed aside, and Doris, in a trailing white gown, stood outlined against the heavy curtain—Doris with her blue eyes flashing ominously—and with empty hands.

Everything seemed to spin around.

"So you couldn't carry them, Doris!" he cried hoarsely, while his hand clasped the back of the chair.

"I don't see how you could have asked such a thing," she said icily. She was still standing and did not make any movement to come nearer him.

"I know it was presumptuous," he admitted mournfully.

She laughed mirthlessly. "I thought at first that you meant it as a joke," she said. She walked over to the fireplace, her long, fluffy skirt trailing behind her on the polished floor. The firelight played on her hair, on her white, sculptured shoulders and her exquisite arms. Dick thought that she had never looked so beautiful, and his hands tightened on the carved oak chair back.

"I knew you were always playing jokes on people," she went on, "but I never supposed you could joke about such a thing as this."

She looked up at him as he towered above her. He was a very good looking man, she admitted, with his splendid athletic build and his well bred, clear cut features. Then she dropped her eyes to the fire again.

"So you really had the impudence to send it?" she said cruelly.

Dick became a little angry. "I may be presumptuous," he cried, "but I fail to see why you should look on it as impudent. Because a man sends a girl flowers and shows her that he cares for her with all the depths of his being you think he is impudent."

"Well, I don't care for your taste," she exclaimed. "I consider the whole thing an insult, Mr. Eaton, and I do not care to be one of the girls on whom you play such jokes. I have a headache and am not going to Mrs. Schuyler's tonight. Shall I ring?"

Dick gathered himself together. "Good night," he said coldly and met the footman at the door.

After luncheon the next day he found himself in Mildred Jones' cozy little drawing room pouring out the whole story into her sympathetic ears.

"And you sent her white roses?" she inquired when he had finished the tale. "Yes, Doris was here at luncheon, and she told me all about it. I think, my dear boy, that there has been some great mistake. But don't be discouraged. I will try to manage some way to help you out. Doris was very angry, but I am sure she will forgive you."

There was an amused twinkle in her eyes that Dick could not understand, but he felt her sympathy and went back to the club with a lighter heart.

Perhaps an hour later he was called to the telephone and at once recognized Doris' voice.

"Hello! Is that you, Dick?" she said, and there was a joyous ring about it that set Dick's heart to beating. "Did you send me white roses yesterday?"

"Yes," he cried exultantly, "white roses and maidenhair."

Doris laughed. "Well, Dick, can—you—come up this evening?" She hesitated. "If you will come I will—er—carry your flowers." She shut off the telephone instantly, and Dick was left with the receiver at his ear and a beatific expression on his face.

It was with different feelings from those of the night before that he stood by the fire in Doris' drawing room that evening listening for her footstep. But so quietly she came that she stood between the portieres before he knew it. Doris, beautiful as ever, in softest rose color and holding in her hands—Dick, who had started forward with a glad cry, stopped, and his hands dropped to his side.

"Good heavens, Doris! Where did you get that awful thing?" he exclaimed.

Doris, with a merry laugh, held up a hideous form of red and white immortelles with stiff, red roses wired on toothpicks, spelling out the word "Hope." "Your flowers," she explained.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "Doris, you didn't think I sent you that monstrosity, did you? Where are my roses?" Then his face cleared. "It was that miserable Irish woman!" he cried. "She came in as I went out to order some flowers for a funeral, and that stupid florist got the cards and addresses mixed."

"Never mind, Dick," she said, looking at him coquettishly. "You don't seem to realize that I am carrying your flowers." But the last word was almost lost as Dick crushed her in his arms, the "illigant design" and all.

Compounding a Prescription.

"I noticed," said the druggist to his assistant, "that a gentleman came in with a prescription and that you took it and gave him the stuff in about three minutes. What do you mean by that?"

"It was only a little carbolic acid and water," replied the assistant. "I simply had to pour a few drams of acid into the bottle and fill it up with water."

"Never mind if you had only to do that," the druggist declared. "Don't you know that every prescription must take at least half an hour to dispense, or the customer will think he isn't getting anything for his money?

"When a prescription for salt and water or peppermint and cough sirup is handed to you you must look at it doubtfully, as if it were very hard to make up. Then you must bring it to me, and we will both read it and shake our heads. After that you go back to the customer and ask him if he wants it today. When he says he does you answer that you'll make a special effort.

"Now, a patient appreciates a prescription that there has been so much trouble over, and when he takes it he derives some benefit from it. But don't you do any more of that three minute prescription business, my boy, if you want to become a first class druggist."—Boston Herald.

Not an Ostrich.

"Baby was playing with my thimble this morning, and I can't find it anywhere. Do you know what he did with it, Aunt Ella?"

"No; I have not seen it, Marjorie. Look on the floor."

"I cannot find it," said Marjorie. "I am sure he swallowed it."

"Don't be absurd! How could a baby swallow a thimble?" replied her aunt.

"Ella! I say, Ella! Have you seen my pearl necktie pin? Baby had it yesterday, and now I cannot find it. Do you think he could have swallowed it?"

"No, he couldn't," answered his sister curtly.

"Oh, please, mum, I can't find the egg beater anywhere. Baby had it yesterday, and now it's lost."

"Good heavens! Do you people think my baby is an ostrich?" cried the indignant mother.—New York Press.

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START OUTINGS at 7½ cents per yard, worth 10c.

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START WAISTINGS at 25 and 30c per per yard; all wool.

START BLANKETS at 45 and 50c, white or gray; light weight.

START SERGES AND CHEVIOTS at 49 and 50c.; all wool and a bargain.

START OIL CLOTHS, 4-4, at 25c per yard; good quality.

START LINOLEUMS at 27½c per yard; remnants, some worth 75c per yard.

START CARPETS, 11½ and 12c pairs. Ingrains, all wool 58¾c per yard.

START SHOES at 25c, 30c, 50c; 75 per per cent of their former value.

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SHOES
SHOES
SHOES

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Shoes that were $2.25, now 50 and 75c.

Shoes that were $3.00 and $4.00, now 98c per pair.

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